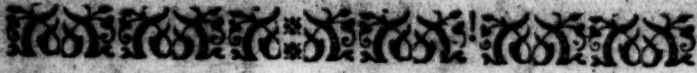


1452. g. 6.



A
LETTER

FROM A

Student in *Grub-street*,

To a Reverend

High-Priest in *Oxford*.



(Price One Shilling.)

LETTER

FROM A

Student in Grew-Nice

To a Reverend

High-Priest in Oxford



NEW YORK: J. H. MASON

(Price One Shilling)

Scribblewit (H)

A

LETTER

FROM A

Student in *Grub-street*,

To a Reverend

High-Priest and Head of a
College in OXFORD.

CONTAINING

An Account of a malicious Design to
blacken Him and several of his
Friends.

— at ille
*Qui me commōvit (melius non tangere clamo)
Flēbit, & insignis totā cantabitur urbe.*

To which are Added

Four Scurrilous EPIGRAMS upon one
Dr. CRASSUS

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. TEMPLE in *Fleetstreet*.
MDCCXX.

LETTER

FROM A

Student in Cambridge

To a Reverend

High-Priest and Head of a

College in Oxford

CONTAINING

An Account of a malicious Design to
blacken Him and several of his

Friends



On the occasion of the late
Public Oration and Commemoration

To which are Added

Four Sermons EPISCOPAL upon one

Dr. CRASSUS

LONDON:

Printed for W. T. in the Strand
MDCCLXX

LETTER

FROM A

Student in Grub-street, &c.

SIR,



Efore I acquaint you with my Business, and the Occasion of this Trouble, it will be proper that I first give you some account of my Self and my Profession.

I was some Years ago bound Apprentice to a Taylor of good Business in Black-Fryars, but being just come from School, where I had pick'd up a little Classick Learning, and looking upon my Self as no small Genius, I soon began to criticize on my Master, and kept a narrow eye over all his Actions: If a Suit of Cloaths was to be cut out, I always watch'd the Motions of his Arm, and knew to an Inch what Cab-

(4)
End (for indeed he was very free with his *Sheers*) and this was always the Subject of my Ridicule in the next Company I came : At last, from being disgusted with my Master and his particular Conduct, I grew into an Antipathy against the *Trade* and *Mystery* it self ; I swore 'twas all *Craft* and *Knavery*, and that it was next to impossible for a *Taylor* to be an honest Man ; that, for my self, being endow'd with more humane and generous Principles, and scorning to make *Bubbles* of Mankind and live upon Plunder, I resolv'd to run away from my Master, and settle my self in another Employment.

While these Thoughts were in my Head, my Master heard of the Liberty I had taken with his Character and the Dignity of his *Function*, and having several Times threaten'd to turn me out of Doors, if I did not mend my Manners, and yet still hearing fresh Complaints against me, that I grew more meddling and abusive every Day, he sent for me into the dining Room and having shut the Door, accosted me in this *courteous* manner.

“ What is the meaning, Sirrah ! That
“ your saucy Tongue can ne'er lye still ?
“ —How dare you affront me ! You
“ impudent, brazen-faced Dog ! Or vilify
“ the

" the venerable Corporation of *Merchants*
 " *Taylor*s, as by Law Establish'd! Do you
 " ever expect your *Freedom* in my Com-
 " pany, you *Villain*, you *Scoundrel*? No,
 " *Sirrah*! you shall serve your Time out in
 " *Bridewell*; I'll have you before the *Cham-*
 " *berlain*, and he shall know what an im-
 " pudent prating Rascal you are: and so,
 " out of my sight, you Dog! or I shall
 " stamp you under my Feet.

I was astonish'd to hear such Language
 from a Man, who bears the Character of
 the *finest*, *best-bred* Gentleman, of a *Taylor*,
 about Town; but I found, by woeful
 experience, that the most *gentle* and *lamb-*
like Creatures in the World, as *Taylor*s are
 generally suppos'd to be, may be provok'd
 out of their Natural innocent Temper into
 a Degree of Fury beyond that of the most
 unciviliz'd Savages: I am sure I was un-
 der terrible Apprehensions from old *Whip-*
stitch, for he had such a Gygantick *Cloven-*
foot and such a swinging *Blanton Fist*,
 both which He brandish'd in a warlike
 Manner, that instead of being but the
ninth part of a Man, I always took him
 for *nine Men* clapt together.

This Usage confirm'd me in my former
 resolution of quitting the *Shop-board*; for I
 knew that the *Chamberlain* was his crony
 Friend, and therefore no favour was to
 be

be expected from that Quarter; I saw too, plainly enough, that, if I serv'd out my time, I should never get my *Freedom*, for all the *Livery-men* were as much my Enemies as my *Master*, and upon the same account: So that in short, after I had done Work, one Evening, I pack'd up my Awls, tore my Indentures, and popt off the Premises, in search of my Fortune.

I was just come of Age, so that I had the Disposal of about Fifty Pounds, which was left me by my *Uncle*, to set me up; and so indeed it did, but in a different Trade from what he intended; for having, as I said before, a little smattering of Learning and a pretty good Opinion of my own Parts, I thought my self fit for an Author; with this Money therefore, I furnish'd my self with a Sword, a Tye-wig, a Cane, a Snuff-box, five Reams of Paper, a Standish and a Common-place Book. I then took an handsome Lodging (not very *Spacious* indeed) up three Pair of Stairs at a little *Ale house* in the celebrated Regions of *Grub-street*, a Place long since renown'd for polite Wit and Learning, where I have spent my time ever since, undiscover'd by my Master, in writing abundance of elaborate Treatises upon all manner of Subjects, for the good of my Country and my own *Belly*—Two Considerations which are seldom

dom missing in most of our modern Writers.

Over the Door of the House I fixt up a Board, like a little Sign, with these Words upon it, *Here liveth Humphry Scribblewit,* (for that is the Name I took upon me, when I left my Master) *Who writeth all sorts of Pamphlets, Letters of Controversy, Answers and Replies, Poems, Satires, Libels, Lampoons, Songs, Ballads, Essays, Travels, Voyages, Novels and Romances, at reasonable Rates: Enquire within.*—By this means I soon got into Business, and have in something more than three Years publish'd above an hundred several Pieces, and used almost five Reams of Paper, for I have not above a Quire and an half of my original Stock left; so that unless this Letter sells tolerably well to lay in more, the World will perhaps lose many bright Productions this Winter.

The first thing of any Note I was employ'd in was that ever memorable and and intrepid young Martyr Mr. *James Shephard's* last dying Speech, together with an Hymn to the blessed undivided Trinity, *both written by Himself*; by which I gained very great Reputation amongst his Friends and the Friends of the Church.

I had also about the same time a considerable hand in the *Bangorian* Controversy

vetty then on Foot, and was the Author of several famous Pamphlets against that obstinate Prelate, which were publish'd under other *great Names*; particularly those which had prefix'd to 'em the Names of T. D—ns—n D. D. R—t M—
Jd—n B. D. A—hd—n of N—gb—n
and J—b T—p A. M. were the sole and proper Fruits of my great Labour and Industry; indeed they have the Apology of the Poet,

Carmina Paulus emit, recitat sua Carmina Paulus,

Nam quod emas, possis dicere Jure Tuum.
To me likewise belongs the Honour of a late Sermon upon *Church-Authority*, which has been for three or four Editions (by the Mistake or Ignorance of the Printer) attributed to a violent *Free-Thinker* and Contender for *private Judgment*: I wonder he does not take care to undeceive the World in this Particular, since we may reasonably suppose that a Man of his Principles is as much ashamed to defend the Church, as the Church is to have such a Defender.

The next and most unfortunate Labour of my Pen was a Discourse intitled *Vox Populi Vox Dei*, in which I undertook to maul the *Whigs* upon their own Dunghil, and maintain the Pretender's *Divine hereditary*

any Right upon the Consent of the *Tag-Rag-and-bobtail* People; but I cannot boast of any great Success or Reputation in this Attempt, for alas! Poor *Matthews*! Often with great Mortification of Heart have I heard thy most avow'd Friends lament that so likely a young Man should throw away his Life for so silly and ridiculous a Performance; —but the greatest *Genius's* have all of 'em their Full-Moon-Tides.

However I soon regain'd my Reputation by another incomparable Pamphlet, (*viz*) a *Vindication of the Orthodox Clergy*, &c. which was the only Thing I publish'd for three long Months, and which I despair of seeing answer'd in three long Centuries.

I am one of those numerous Malecontents in this City, who tho' we mortally hate the Person, Family and Government of King G——, yet felt the Weight of his Absence from us, and silently rejoyc'd at his Return; for the Society of Authors, like all other Tradesmen, have very little to do in Vacation-Times, and consequently very little to eat; insomuch that I can go no where without being ask'd *what will you have*, or having a score of Glap-Bills forced into my Hands; for I look but poorly and am terribly *lain away*: However to make the best of a long Recess, and to fetch up the

Flesh which I lost last Summer. I employ'd my Time in preparing several useful Pieces for the Press against the Meeting of the Parliament, particularly

Secret Memoirs of a famous *Expedition* against *Robinson Crusoe*, King of an uninhabited Island in *Terra incognita*, containing the Character and Adventures of a certain great General, never before publish'd—I have great Expectations from this Pamphlet.

The Mismanagements of the Roman Empire under the Reign of *Augustus*.

A Dissertation upon *Ministers*, ancient and modern.

The Divine Right of *Assassination*; or an Argument to prove that it is Lawful to do Evil, that Good may come of it; to which is added a Catalogue of the Names of the most famous *Christian Assassins* to this Time.

A Letter to a Member of Parliament against the wearing of printed and painted Gallicoes, with the Necessity of redressing the *Weavers*.

An Answer to the same.

A Discourse upon *Title Pages*.

And several others, which it is neither proper nor safe to anticipate.

Having thus, Reverend Doctor, given you a faithful Account of our Condition and

Flesh

B

the

the Manner in which we became an Author, proceed We, in the Second (and for once the *last*) Place, to explain our present important Business with your Spiritual *High-and-Mightiness*.

And we doubt not, when you are fully acquainted with our pious Concern for your Self and several other worthy Doctors, your Friends and Coadjutors in the Government of your College, that you will cause our Health to be a standing Toast in your *Common-Room* (that Nursery of sound Orthodoxy and Good-Fellowship) next immediately after the *Church*, the *King* and your *Self*—but to proceed, or rather to begin.

Know then, most Orthodox, Reverend and Learned Doctor, that about some nine or ten Days ago a little, short, Smock-faced young Fellow inquir'd for me at my Lodging, and being introduc'd by my Landlady into my Study, he told me (after three low Bows) that he was recommended to me to do a small Jobb for him. Sir, says I, if you will please to sit down and give me the necessary Instructions I'll use you as well as any body in Town. But Sir (replies my Client, having taken a Chair) some bold, unwelcome *Truths* must be told and really dangerous ones too—No matter for that, says I—Ay, but con-

tinued he, and against *Great Men*—Sir, says I again, so much the better; I don't care how *great* the Men be; the *greater* they are, the more Money is to be got by telling their Faults; I never mind *Scandalum Magnatum*, it is a meer *Bugbear*, and therefore, pray Sir, be under no concern upon that Account. Well said, answer'd my Client, I commend you for it, and I am glad that I have met with a Man for my Purpose: Nay, they are no such *Great Men* neither, if we come to that; only two or three paltry, strutting Doctors and an *Head* of a College in one of the Universities, (mentioning your Name) that's all Sir. Hereupon I began to look seriously upon the Man, as being something surpriz'd, for I have always been a great Stickler for the Clergy and the Universities, together with their Appurtenances the Church and the Convocation: But being willing to hear what he had to say ill of You, or any other venerable Person, I resolv'd to conceal my Self, and give full scope to his Indignation; and therefore, pray Sir, says I, in what manner would you have this Thing order'd? Would you have it done by way of an *Accusation*, like Indictments at an Assize, as Doctor S—— lately serv'd the Bishop of B——; or according to a more Gentleman-like Method, would

would you have it called an *Apology* for, or a *Vindication* of the Reverend Doctor *such a One* and *such a One*? Or had you rather have it publish'd in the Nature of a *Life and Character*, or *Memoirs*; or in short, in what other Manner shall we manage this Affair? That, Sir, says my young Client, I leave wholly to your Judgment and Discretion; let it be but Satyrical enough and I don't care a Farthing in what Manner it is done. Well then, Sir, says I, let me know the Particulars, and then I shall be better able to judge in what manner it will be proper to proceed.

And he begun in the following *viralent* Manner.

FATHER *William* is the Man, at whom I would have you take your principal Aim; he is a compound of all the Vices of Mankind put together, besides many others peculiar only to himself; and if drawn at full length by a masterly Hand, would make an excellent Grotesque Piece of Deformity; the *Devil-Piece* of *Brueghel* would not be so much admir'd as this. To prepare your Self for this Task, I would have you rummage over the Satirists of antient and modern Times, and whatever you find remarkable in any of them against any Vice whatsoever, minute it down and it will infallibly be of use

use to you for this Purpose. After you have done this, if you will take the pains to go to any of the noted *Coffee-Houses* about Town, or to *Exchange Alley*, or the *Groom Porters*, you will pick up matter enough for three Volumes in Pollo. With these *Assistances*, tho' it is absolutely impossible to draw a full Likeness, yet you may be able to Copy some of his strongest Features so naturally, that no Body will be at a loss for the Original.

Having set you thus far in your Road, I might now trust you to the wide World for the rest; and not doubt of your Success; for he is so well known every where in Town, that you cannot mention his Name without hearing something of him new and particular.

But since I have undertaken to furnish you with sufficient Instructions, you shall have a Sketch of his Publick and Private Character from my own Mouth.

Little Jarrings between Principles and Professions, and between Professions and Practices are no Rarities in our Age; for which Reason you won't be surpriz'd that our Doctor, tho' a most notorious *Abusi* and debauch'd *Liver*, is notwithstanding a very good *Churchman*; Orthodoxy and Virtue, tho' two very good Things, have no Relation to each other, and therefore

fore a Man of the soundest Opinions may do very base Actions ; as I have seen a common *Whore* with as fine a Skin and delicate a Shape as the most *vertuous Woman* in Christendom, not to mention the Uniformity of other Parts.

He is zealously affected to the Church, and zealously disaffected to the State for the same Reason that several other pious Doctors are ; namely, because one caresles and makes much of him, whilst the other takes no Notice of all his Catholick Merits.

To some Persons it may perhaps seem a little odd to hear a known Atheist contend with vehemence for the Hereditary Right of Kings and their Divine Commission to oppress and persecute Mankind ; whereas to me an *Atheist* is the only Person I should expect it from ; for who that *believes a God*, would make him the Author of all the Mischief and Cruelty and Oppression in the World ? Which is a plain Proof, (says he) that most of our *Jacobite Parsons believe none*.

I could hardly contain my Self to hear such horrid Blasphemy against the Clergy of our most excellent Church ; but I was resolv'd to sacrifice all the Godly Zeal of my Heart to my other Design, and therefore ; pray, Sir, says I, is this hopeful Doctor then a *Jacobite* ?

A Jacobite, Sir ! replies my Client ; yes at present he is a flaming *Jacobite*, and has been so ever since the Death of Queen *Anne* ; during her Time indeed the Prospect of a Mitre and a Pair of *Lawn Sleeves* made the *Protestant Succession* and the *Protestant Religion* go down well enough ; and indeed he narrowly mist his Aim, for having wheedled himself into Favour with *some* at Court, he thought his Game sure : But her Majesty being inform'd that he was very much troubled with a violent *Palsy* in his Elbow and a sudden *Swimming* in his Head, two epidemical Distempers, vulgarly known by the Name of *Drunkenness* and *Gaming*, thought the care of a Diocese would be too heavy a Burthen for his crazy Constitution, and therefore charitably laid it upon another, better able to support it.

This was a scurvy Disappointment to our Doctor, tho' some Persons have suggested that this View of a Bishoprick was nothing but a Trick, a cunning Stratagem devis'd and propagated by Himself and his Friends to gull his clamorous Creditors, and serve a present, necessary Turn : This is certain, that his Duns on a sudden forgot their Morning Visit ; the Knights of the *Tipstaff* were not for some time seen about College, and the Doctor walk'd publickly

publickly abroad without Fear or Molestation: But no sooner was the Conge^d a^d Elard dispatch'd for another, but immediately there was a new Scene of Things, or rather the old One restor'd by the Taylor, the Mercer, the Vintner, the Butcher, the Poulterer and Fishmonger, had all instant Demands for Money, to make up several Sums, and prest without farther Delays, to have their Bills discharged.

It seems then, interrupted I, that the Doctor is pretty much dipt.

Dipt, Sir, says he? Ay, over Head and Ears, Sir; why he pays no Body, pockets up every Body's Money that comes into his Hands, and yet is after all as poor as a Church Mouse: How that comes to pass, the Lord knows; for the Story of his Neighbour's Wife, I will never believe.

I have observ'd one Thing very extraordinary, which is, that none have such an exalted Opinion of his Honour and Integrity as those very Persons, whom he bubbles and defrauds every Day; I have often seen 'em stop short as soon as he appear'd, whip off their Caps with the utmost Precipitation, and, bending low to the Earth, adore him as if he were the Saviour of the World; while he, designing perhaps an haughty Look or a surly Smile,

stalks slowly by 'em and heaves an huge
 Paunch before him distended to an Immo-
 derate Bulk with the Spoils of his deluded
 Votaries: When I beheld this Sight, I have
 often wondered within my self how any
 body can blame the provident *Dutch* for
 worshipping the Devil for Gain; whereas
~~these~~ Men; from a stranger Motive, fall
 down to one of his prime Ministers for
 picking their Pockets, which is indeed less
 selfish, but more unaccountable.

For *those*, who divide the Spoils with
 him, it is not at all strange, if they disco-
 ver Vertues in every corner of his Body,
 and set him forth, as they do, for the *Je-
 sus* of the Age, pious, holy, meek and in-
 nocent, wise as the Serpent and yet harm-
 less as the Dove, adorn'd with all the Vir-
 tues of Earth and the Attributes of Heaven.
 This, I say, is not strange in them, *they*
 find their Account in it; but it is strange
 to see the tame Cullies swallow the Bait:
 The *Imposter* ought not to be wonder'd at,
 but the dull Croud of his ignorant *Belie-
 vers*! And therefore for Instance, ~~as I have~~
 Doctor *Milvius* is not to be blam'd for
 turning Sycophant and Parasite to Father
William; he does not lick up his Spittle,
 and fawn and cringe upon him for no-
 thing——I am mightily delighted with
 a Story I have heard of him, which is so
 much

much like the Man, that I dare warrant it true; nothing counterfeit could look so genuine: I'll tell it you.

Last Winter the *Small-pox* rag'd very much at *Oxford*, and Father *William's* College was not wholly free from it: It happen'd, while a Gentleman there was down with that Distemper, that Father *William* (who never had the *Small-pox*) having some Project in his Head, very much, no doubt, for the good of the Society, sent one Evening (according to his usual Custom) for his choice, pick't Fellows, to communicate to them his Design, secure their Votes, and give them their several *Cues*: For you must know that he always keeps the Majority of his *Senior* Fellows in his Interest, by disposing of all the Places of Profit in the College amongst them only, so that they are as sure Votes to him, upon any Emergence, as the most servile *Court-Pensioners* of 'em all — but as I was telling you.

Father *William* having sent for them together one Evening, he mist his great Favourite Dr. *Milvius*, and immediately order'd *John* to go with his Service to him and desire his Company — and *John* went, and having deliver'd his Message, was answer'd by the grave Doctor to this Effect.

Alack! Mr. *John*, I am sorry it should fall out so unluckily, but I dare not come for my Life; you know, Mr. *John*, that I am *College-Physician*, which oblig'd me to visit Mr. ——— this Morning, who, you know, Mr. *John*, has the *Small-pox*, and should I come and your good Master should catch it I could never forgive my self: No, I must beg of you, Mr. *John*, to present my Duty to your Master, return him ten thousand Thanks for his kind Invitation, and letting him know my Reasons, tell him I should otherwise be very proud to wait upon him.

Here it may not be improper to observe, as a Clue to this Over-concern for Mr. *John's* Master, that upon strict enquiry it was found that Dr. *Milvius* had not been that Day to visit the Gentleman ——— however Mr. *John* return'd with his Answer.

Pho! Pho! quoth Father *William*, alas! I am not in the least afraid of the *Small-pox*; besides there can be no danger, if it was the Morning when he was there; and therefore, d'ye hear, *John*, step over to the Doctor again and tell him, I am oblig'd to him for his Care, but that I am satisfy'd there can be no Danger, that I am not in the least afraid, and that I desire his Company.

Officious

Officious Mr. *John* whisk'd over again, and told the Doctor that Mr. *P-sid-* was not afraid; and— *Not afraid*, says He! No, very likely, good Man! I don't think he is, he has no Occasion to be afraid of Death, he has done nothing to make him so; but let me tell you, Mr. *John*, I am afraid for him, terribly afraid, ay, and so ought all the College too; they'll never have *such another* when he is gone— Come, quoth a! No, not for both the *Indies*! Mr. *P-sid-* shall not run the least Risque upon my Account; and therefore, pray, Mr. *John*, desire him to excuse me this once; nay, in this Case, (and only in this) I must be so rude, as absolutely to deny him.

Father *William*, (who, to give him his due, is really more Knave than Fool;) knew to an Hair's Breadth the Meaning of all this, and that it was as much as to say, I'll kiss your A-se, worthy, noble, Mr. *P-sid-*, if you will let me be *Head-Bar-* for next *Audic*— But, I must own my self mistaken, being credibly inform'd that that Place went a begging this Year: Sure there must be some private Reason for so much uncommon *Self-denial*.

But there are diverse other Ways of obliging Dr. *Milvius*, should the formerly very best Place in College become not
worth

worth accepting. I would have an Inscription over the *Barfar's* Table to this Purpose, *Consumptum per Praesidentem & Socios maxime Seniores.*

Another of *Father William's* prime Ministers is, *Moses Humdrum*, D. D. whose Voice does not more resemble that of a Puppet, than his Actions, or rather his Motions; for like his Brother in *Wood*, he is guided in all he does, and speaks by an arbitrary Wire, and a *squeaking* Artist behind the Scenes—— But the *Puppetshowman*, in Consideration of his long and faithful Services, has lately dispens'd with a Statute for him; in Consequence whereof, he now holds, untenable before, a good Living with his Fellowship.

Dr. Sir-reverence is another great Favourite at his Court; whom I call so, because by a certain violent Distortion of his Nose upwards, (in a loathsome Manner, he seems always to have a *T—d* hanging under it; sure I am, it struck my Imagination so strongly, that I have spoil'd many a good Dinner by looking at him: tho' some People attribute those unwholesome *Phanomena* of his Face, to some late Disorders in his Brain; which, they say, threw his Features into that unnatural Position: This Opinion seems the more probable to me, because it has been observ'd, that

that Lunaticks, after their first Combinations are over, generally settle into the soundest *Churchmen*; just as Rakes reform'd make the best Husbands: Happy is it for the Church and Mr. P^{re}-sident, that Dr. Sir-reverence has lost his Senses; which brings to my Mind an old *British Saw*, 'Tis a bad Wind that blows no Body Good.

Dr. Surly, (tho' a Lay-Doctor,) is notwithstanding another great Friend to the Church, and her pious Champion Father William: I can only say of him, that he is a strong, well-set Man, and is commonly reported to be a good Master of the Oaken Cudgel; whence, I have heard it lamented by some Persons, that his Parents spoil'd an excellent Butcher.

Amongst these *Great Men*, I must not forget to mention Mr. John, Footman and Privy-Counsellor to Father William; for I speak it of my own Knowledge, that he has often his Master's Ear, when it is shut to every Body else; nor can I see any thing wonderful in it: We read of a great Courtier and Statesman, who ow'd all his deep Policies, and crooked Schemes, to the Head-piece of an ingenious Black Skip-kennel.

These are the chief Agents, the cardinal Springs of all Father William's Policies; I don't say that they have longer Noddles than

than their Neighbours; but my Meaning is, that having all of them notable Consciences, and undaunted Foreheads; they seldom fail in their Designs: for it is a Maxim with these Men, that they can lose no Reputation, and may possibly get something considerable.

He has also his under-plotting Ministers, who, when any Point is carrying on, are sent before, like Pioneers, to clear his Passage, and pump Peoples Affections, but are never let into the Mysteries and Affairs of his Government; such are *Crassus* and gentle *Tommy Buttress*, who have both the Will, but not the Talent, to be very great Villains; they are good Tools, but would make wretched Politicians.

Besides all these, he has little Spies and Informers lodged up and down in every Corner of his Dominions, from the *University* graduate up to the Senior Doctor; who, in that gradual Ascent, convey the various Sentiments and Opinions of all his College-Subjects (as thro' a Pipe) from one to another, till in the End it reaches Father *William* himself; insomuch, that not a Soul within his Walls can Toast to the Church, or to the Best in *Christendom*, without his Knowledge.

This, Sir, is a short Account of his Past five Fellows, who cheerfully and unanimously

ly

ly conspire with him in all his Attempts against themselves, their Liberty and Prosperity—of which you shall have Two or Three Instances.

Father *William* being, as I said, plaguily in Debt and having flamm'd off his Creditors so long with idle Promises, that he was now under daily Apprehensions from them, lest you may swear, no Stone unturn'd for a lucky Expedient to appease for a short Time longer his constant *Levee* of impatient Dems, and maintain himself in his ancient Grandeur and Magnificence.

There was at that time in *Oxford* a very wealthy, buxom, young Widow, whom our P—fid—t observ'd with a crafty leering Eye, and with a Familiarity of Address remarkable in Religious Men, introduc'd himself, and scrap'd a sudden Acquaintance with her: From hence now you will immediately conclude that he intended to try his Skill in an Amour, and cajole her Affections. No: Father *William* knew better than all that, and had more Wit than to attempt any such Thing; if he could but occasion such a Report in the World, 'twas as much as he desir'd, and all he design'd.

For this purpose he convenes his Friends together, and with a smiling Countenance

told them that he was going to bring a Lady amongst them; and you know, Gentlemen, says he, as she brings me a very handsome Fortune, I can do no less in common Civility than keep her a Coach and a pair of good Horses, for which purpose our College is unprovided with any Convenience. I should take it as a particular Favour from all of you, Gentlemen, (giving each of them a little Bow) if you would run up a little Thing of that Nature for me; consider, the Charge will be but a Trifle, and it may serve any of you, when I am gone, for the same use, or I should not have requested it; and as it is a very necessary Thing about a College, I hope you will not think it unreasonable.

Hereupon, Mr. P-f-t, with all my Heart, says one: A meer Trifle, it shall be done, Sir, says another. Nobody can think it unreasonable, quoth a Third. Can you think of any thing else we can serve you in, says a Fourth—No, Gentlemen, I thank you kindly, says the old Fox; if you will please to do that for me, I'll make a Shift for the present; tho'—indeed—I must confess my Lodgings are very much out of repair; but I won't ask you to do any thing more now—O! Lord, Sir, say they All, pray Sir, make no Words of that; it shall be done; indeed it shall; it would

would reflect a Scandal upon us all, to let so worthy a Gentleman as you want any thing handsome or convenient.

Well, Gentlemen, says he again, I am infinitely obliged to you all, and know not how to return your Favours, but I will not be wanting in my Endeavours — Here, *John*, bring up a Bottle of *French* Wine, some Pipes and Tobacco, and a Candle: Gentlemen, I hope you will oblige me with your Company this Evening; pray sit down. They bow to the Ground and take their Places, where we will leave them till Four in the Morning.

About Twelve the next Day, a full Convention was called, and upon a Motion made by Dr. *Jackall* (then Prime Minister) it was resolved, *Seven* against *Three*, that a *Coach-House* and *Stable* be immediately built for the use of the *P. s. t.* and his Successors for ever, and that his Lodgings be also beautified and repaired.

By this Time it is in every Body's Mouth, that *F. William* is going to marry *Madam Pinmony*, the rich Widow; upon which the *Taylor* trusts him with a new Gown and Cassock; the *Barber* makes him a new spruce bob Wig; and the *Hatter* brings him home a taring new Beaver — In the mean time, the *Doctor* loses no Opportunity

nity of paying his Respects to the Lady; frames trifling Errands to wait upon her, such as, that he heard she was not well, or that passing by (purposely, by Chance) he could not excuse himself without calling, and so forth; Then invites her to see his College, to hear an *Anthem* in his Chappel, and after Prayers to drink a Dish of Tea, or do him the Honour to Sup with him at his own Lodging; which, after much importunate Sollicitations, she accepted—— This was Nuts to the Doctor; the Cook was sent for, and order'd to provide a very handsome Supper with all Expedition.

By this means he restor'd his Credit again, and settled his Affairs in a perfect Calm for some Months: But Things being then at a Stand, or seeming rather to go backward than forward, the Discourse of the Match beginning to cool, and his Creditors growing inquisitive about it, his Friends gave out for certain that the Wedding was to be on such a Day of the next Month; when that came, they put it off to such a Day of the next, and to such a one of the next, and so on; till at last the Vizard dropt off, and the whole Artifice appear'd.

Now our reverend *Projector* was in *Statu quo* again, but he had still another Plot

Plot in reserve for them; which he contriv'd on this wise, and in this Manner.

Let me first remark here that our Doctor, *F. William*, like the great Prince, whose Ambassadour he pretends to be, works always by *Second Causes* and ordinary Ministers; by which means, if any Thing miscarries, he escapes the Disgrace, and knows nothing of the Matter; as in the present Case.

F. William and his Fellows being one Evening together some Years ago, and dropping accidentally (as was to be suppos'd) into Discourse about the *State-Lotteries* then on Foot, a necessary Agent of the Doctor's told them he had been thinking of something, which might be of great Advantage to the College; we have, says he, abundance of *P L A T E* more than we have any Occasion for, and some old and bruised: Now what think ye, if we should sell as much as would come to about *Three* or *Four* Hundred Pounds, and put it into the *Lottery*? I think it would be the best Thing we can do; for, d'ye see, should we get nothing but *Blanks*, we shall lose but little; and should we happen to meet with a good Prize, it would be a great help to us all: He was presently seconded by another as despicable and honest as himself, and then by another; the thing thus

thus seeming to pass on smoothly, says
 Father *William* himself,

Why, I profess Gentlemen, the *Doctor's*
Proposal looks well; indeed the more
Plate we have, the more is my Honour;
 but I don't value my *Prerogative*, nor will
 I insist upon it, when it interferes with the
 Interest of the Society I preside over:
 And therefore, Gentlemen, agree amongst
 your selves, and you shall have my *Assent*;
 nay, farther, if you resolve upon it, my
Banker is a very honest Man, and if you
 send up what *Plate* you design to dispose
 of, to *London*, he shall allow you the full
 Value of it and buy the Tickets for you.

But it was objected against by Two or
 Three worthy Persons then in Company,
 who observ'd that they could by no means
 give their Consent to any such Thing;
 for, said they, as *College Plate* is all or most
 part of it the generous Gift of many honest
 Gentlemen, who design'd to perpetuate
 their Names to Posterity, as well as their
 respect for the *College* they gave it to, it
 would be ungrateful and scandalous to sell
 their Munificence, and melt down their
 Names into Money or *Tickets*; nor would
 any Gentleman hereafter leave any Mark
 of Bounty behind him, when he saw the
 Design so meanly, so sordidly preverted.

This

This was too grossly reasonable to be argued against with any shew of Honour or Honesty; and therefore, says old *Sy*, why really ill-disposed People will perhaps make Reflections upon us for it, and so, Gentlemen, I think you had as good drop it; what I said before was only upon a Supposition that it was for the good of the Society, which I shall always make my chief Care; but, since *some* of you think it otherwise, it must be laid aside.

The Consequence of this Scheme, had it took Place, would have been just this; *E. William* would have had Four Hundred Pounds of ready Money in his Banker's Hands for present Occasions, for had he once clinch'd it, they might as easily have snatch'd the Prey out of the Lyon's Jaw's, as got it out of his Hands again. *Honesty* and *paying Debts* are, in his Creed, two unpardonable damning Sins—but the Project fail'd and our Doctor continued in his old Pickle.

You seem, Sir, says my Client to me, astonish'd at the Relation of these Things, which are but the Peccadilloes of his Character: If you are surpriz'd at what I have told you already, how will you stare when you hear what I am going farther to acquaint you with; and yet I shall be so far from aggravating the Features of his

Defor-

Deformity, that I shall want Colours to paint 'em in their full Strength.

Toby R—s—t was an honest generous open-hearted old Fellow, and when he dyed left Fifty or Threescore Pounds *per Annum*, by Will, to the College which *Father William* is Head of, to be divided, in yearly Exhibitions, amongst such of the Fellows as the said Doctor should judge worthy of it. The Doctor, well considering the Premises, and looking after Merit, cou'd find none; but by a pretty Knack of reasoning, argued that if he had a Discretionary Power to give this Money to whom he pleased, where would be the hurt if he shou'd bestow it all upon himself, or who shou'd call him to Account if he did? Nor this Man, nor that Man, nor t'other Man, for he can give it to any body, and therefore no body in particular can demand it as his Right. At last he resolv'd to try, and upon the Experiment found his Logick held good for Twelve or Fourteen Years together; he very honestly appropriated all *Toby's* Legacy to himself, and his Fellows, good natur'd Souls! very charitably let him. But in process of Time, a turbulent malicious Rogue getting into Power, took it into his Head to debate the point with the old venerable *Embezzler*, and shew'd him the

the Fallacy of his Argument, telling him in plain Terms, that if he did not henceforth distribute the Money according to *Toby's Will*, without farther Evasion, he would complain to the Visitor, and bring the Matter to an open Trial; this was taken heinously ill by the Doctor and his *necessary Agents*, nay even by those too who were redress'd by it, and could by this means drink a Bottle the more every Sunday Night; nay, the Man was a good Churchman too, and in his Principles exactly to their Wish, but he ruin'd his Reputation by acting this foolish honest Part, and they have hated him mortally ever since.

However *F. William* was forced to comply, and thank God (I mean, the Devil) for what he had got already; rather than, by standing a Visitation, run the Risque of *resanding*, or perhaps being expelled; tho' as Things then stood, and indeed stand at present, there's no great Fear of that; but it is good to guard against all *Accidents*. Again,

A certain Gentleman, who dyed eight or nine Years ago, left a considerable Sum to the same College, to buy *Advowsons*, and for other good Purposes; but having been formerly a Member of that Society, and an Eye-Witness of College-Admini-

stration, He knew better than to let the Money come into the Hands of *F. William*, or his Friends, wisely ordering his *Executor* to see the Title safe, and the Conveyance executed, before he parted with a Penny of the Money; now the Doctor and his Friends being *old* and *rotten*, thought they should never enjoy the *Benefices* themselves, and why should they trouble themselves about Posterity? We are commanded, say They, to take no Thought for the Morrow, but to let *the Morrow take thought for itself*, and so the Advowsons are unbought to this Day——besides, there were some Accounts between the Executor and Father *William*, which, perhaps, the Executor would have settled before he paid the Legacy.

These are some Instances of Father *William's* Justice and Honesty, from whence you may judge what Reason his Fellows have to adore him as they do, and how infinitely they are obliged to him in every Respect. I could mention many more, equally amiable, Acts of his Integrity and Honour, were not these sufficient to shew how unreasonably fond some Men are of their worst Enemies, when Partiality has shut their Eyes to Reason, and wedded them to their own Destruction.

It

It is amazing to think that any Set of Men should for near Twenty Years together live under the Influence of Tyranny and Oppression, tho' maintained over 'em in never so courteous and genteel a Manner, and yet still hug the Chains that gall them, and the Whip they smart under.

Our Neighbours in Sweden soon felt the Difference between Liberty and an Arbitrary Government, and would not, I warrant you, change their Condition again upon any Terms: But *England* is a strange, gloomy, melancholy Climate, which disposes its Inhabitants to *Sainthood* and *Martyrdom* in a wonderful Manner, in-somuch that, rather than live quietly and die a natural Death, They'll cut Throats, pick Pockets, forge Titles, coin Money, or do any Thing else, which deserves *Hanging*, and at the Gallows call it *suffering for Righteousness's Sake*.

To this natural passive Quality of the Climate it must be owing that, *F. William* grows more popular every Day; for his Character never run higher than at present, tho' a *Fellowship* in his College will scarcely pay for *Pipes* and *Tobacco* the Year round. But the Distemper has not seized his own *Fellows* only; the whole University is touched with it, and seems

equally fond to be chouz'd and bamboozled by this reverend *Catpurse*, who sets up for a *Sharper* General, and intends to monopolize all the Cullies in his Majesty's Dominions.

It happened by a great good Providence to *F. William* that he was *Vice-Chancellor* in the Nick of Time to print a certain famous Book, written many Years ago, but (for prudential Reasons) not till then to be publish'd; the Copy of which was by the Author given to the University, and whom should the University trust sooner with the Management of it, than their *Vice-Chancellor*? *F. William* behaved in it with surprizing Skill and Dexterity; but whether with equal *Honesty*, let others judge by the sequel.

The Book sold so well, that in about three Years time, he cleared between two and three thousand Pounds; not to the University, but to himself; for when he came to make up his Account with the Proprietors, the Money was not forth coming, but stuck like *Bird-lime* in his own Fingers.

Such an Action as this in an unscrupulous *Whiggish* *Levite*, would have been base, treacherous and unpardonable: Heaven and Earth would have rung with it;

it would have furnished all the Clubs in Oxford with ample Matter of Raillery and Ridicule for a Year together; it would have been industriously published abroad in the most ignominious and insulting Manner, the Burthen of common News Papers, and the Subject of drunken Porters; it would have been sung about the Streets in Half-penny Ballads; nay, the Puritan would have thundered with it; and the Holy Scriptures been taught to denounce Vengeance against the sacred Miscreant, the insolent Roundhead; who must have sought Refuge amongst his Brethren in the Mint, or rotted in a nasty Goal for his Pains.

But it was so far from injuring either the Reputation or Interest of E. Williams that it surprizingly encreased both, and recommended him for a Candidate for one of the best Places in the University, which he carried. He was an unfortunate, deserving Gentleman, reduced to necessity, and therefore ought to be pitied — Behold, ye *Presbyterians* and *Free Thinkers*, the great and olden Privileges of *Good Churchmanship*, how it covers Sin, and sanctifies Villainy, and be converted unto the Principles and Practices of your *Spiritual Leaders*!

Father

Father *William* seems to make the same Excuse for *Fraud* and *Knavery*, that an Orthodox Vicar near *Canterbury* in *Kent* does for *Cursing* and *Swearing*; who, when he has *G-d-d—m-d* you as smartly as any Rake in *London*, adds, *but mark me, Sir, I don't swear Carnally, as you Laymen do.*

Besides the Money which lies still unpaid in *F. William's* Hands, I have heard People talk of many a pretty Present from certain Families in *England* for *Ob-literations*, *Interpolations*, *saving Clauses*, &c. in the *aforsaid* Book: But the Doctor has it in his Power to vindicate himself in this Particular, by producing the *Original Manuscript*—— If that should be missing indeed, the World will have some Reason for their unkind Suspicions.

To do my *Academical* Mother (*in Law*) Justice, I must confess I have heard say, that like a sly old Baggage, she gave this graceless Son of hers Preferment, just after he had so egregiously tricked her, in order to secure it for the said Debt, and that it is now actually in her *Sequestration*; perhaps so, but w^hether it be not a sham *Sequestration* to hide her *Overfondness* for her *Billy-Boy*, will admit of another Question.

What makes such a Management at least suspicious is, that *F. William* does not seem

seem to be in the least disgusted, but still appears in all their *Junctos* and Cabals and plots, and consults, and drinks, and votes, and preaches, and swears, and forswears, with as much Cheerfulness and Alacrity, for them, as ever: Which he would never do, had they used him *unhandsomely*.

After all this Variety of *actual* Knavery, F. William seemed terribly afraid of passing for a Saint at the Bottom; and therefore, to compleat his Character, he comes to London, and preaches a pompous Sermon upon *Original Sin*, in which he demonstrates beyond all Contradiction that not only himself (which o' my Conscience needed no proving) but that all Mankind were *shapen in Iniquity, and in Sin did their Mothers conceive them*. The Doctor's Drift in this seems to be, to put us in mind that his Neighbours were *Originally* (whatever they may *actually* be) as great *Rascals* as himself.

He has ever since been much admired for his emphatical Talent in *Holding-forth*, and has indeed an admirable Knack of unriddling Mysteries, and explaining incomprehensible Things; which never fails to draw him a full Audience, there being something wonderfully *Majestick* in every Thing

Thing we can't understand ; which is the Reason why many a Country Preacher is forced to season his Sermons with Greek and Latin, *quantum sufficit*, for fear of losing half his Congregation. Mysteries in the University are the same as Greek and Latin in the Country, and have just the same Effect. I have often heard F. William dwell on a deep Point in Divinity, with such a Waste of abstruse Quotations, hard Terms and subtil Distinctions, and Subdistinctions, growing still more and more unintelligible, that at last I have observed the whole Congregation in a sort of a holy *Delirium*, with their Eyes half shut, and their Mouths wide open, like Prophets in a Vision ; when, I doubt not, many of 'em, being transported out of their gross carnal Senses, have soar'd beyond the Regions of Mortality, and discovered the *hidden Things of the Lord*.

But I have often suspected the Preacher of Irony and Double-meaning in his learned Discourses, and that he blasphemed in his Heart what he pretended to vindicate with his Lips ; particularly when, speaking of the great Work of our Redemption, he express'd himself in this very significant Manner —

The

The *Deist*, says he, object that it (the Redemption of Mankind) bears a *Romantic* and *Theatrical* Aspect; that it was a round-about Way of forgiving the World for God to send his own Son (co-equal and co-eternal with himself, nay the same with himself, his *very self*;) to be crucify'd by the World; that this seems rather a tenfold Aggravation of their Guilt, than a full and ample Propitiation for it — but (sayeth our *Preacher*, as sayeth *St. Austin*) *Quid tam?* — The Design here was (I think) too plain, and the rather because *F. William* has frequently the Words, *Deist* and *Atheist* in his Mouth; now to hear a Man always crying *Atheist* at others, is to me a sure Token of his being an *Atheist* himself: But the Doctors, his Auditors, thought the Objection fully answer'd by *F. William* and *St. Austin*, and nodded to each other in mark of their Satisfaction.

A bold mettlesome Sermon is of more Value at *Oxford* than a Quire of Bank Bills, and *F. William* no doubt, (being so well acquainted with their Humours) has paid the University many an Hundred Pounds in this Coin (if he ever paid them in any) as he has his own College by a politick Dexterity in *Blandering*, and by that means praying for *King Ann* or *Queen George*, which, by bringing Her into their Minds,

F

never

never fails to bring Tears into their Eyes:
Alas! poor Man! says Dr. *Milner*, he'll
never forget that good *Woman*!

It becomes not an Historian to be par-
tial in any Respect, nor to represent the
Person he treats of, if Good, Better, or if
Bad, Worse than he really is. Aggravati-
ons of either Kind are criminal and unjusti-
fiable: For my Part, I am resolved to
give my worst Enemies their Due; where-
fore, I must not forget to acquaint you,
with a late Circumstance of *P. William's*
life, which redounds not a little to his
Reputation.

There were sometime ago in his College
Three ruffling, impudent young Fellows,
who took upon themselves the Name and
Title of the OLD TREE, and as-
sum'd an imaginary, ridiculous Authori-
ty over the whole Creation, as in a Let-
ter to the very ingenious Author of the
Barrenness, and his very own Admira-
tions upon it, is most amply set forth. *P.*
William, from the Characters of these Three
Liberals, sagaciously smelt their in-
ferior Design, being often heard to say that
they Three were One, and that to affront
One of em was to affront em all. *P.*
William, not knowing how far they
might proceed, thought it not proper to
suffer them to be long at it, and there-
fore,

fore, like a good *Churchman*, immediately expell'd *one* (*Person*) of 'em, and endeavour'd to expel *another*, to prevent the Evil Consequences of such an horrid Design. Hereupon, as I am told, this profane Brotherhood brand *F. William* with the odious Name of an *Arian*, and rank him amongst the Hereticks, *Cl—ke* and *Wh—t—s*. But this is nothing but Sophistry and Malice; I defy Mankind to say that *F. William* is not *Orthodox*.

After this Concession, I hope nobody will charge me with Prejudice or Partiality for calling *him* proud, insolent, tyrannical, knavish, drunken, gluttonous, debauch'd in all his (*moral*) Principles, and in his Practices most notoriously abandon'd — I have told all his shining, good Qualities; and if his bad ones totally Eclipse them, I am not to be blam'd for that.

It will, perhaps, be said by some very good natur'd Persons, that supposing all this to be *true*, yet to rake such an Heap of Filth and Nastiness together, is a malicious, ungentlemanlike Office, and berrays a mean, revengeful Spirit, delighting in Scandal and Scurility; that it becomes a *Christian* better, to hide the Faults of our weak Brethren, and pray to God for their Amendment, rather than by exposing

their Nakedness, to make them desperate and confirm'd in their Iniquities.— Not to mention that *Grey Hairs* are above Correction: I answer,

What is Saute for a Goose, is Saute for a Gander: The Reverend the Clergy have set us an Example; and it is (they tell us) our Duty to follow their Examples. Have we not lately seen Malice and Industry at their full Stretch, to blacken a pious *Prelate* of the Church? And when *Actions*, after the severest Enquiry, have been wanting; have not *Thoughts* and *secret Meanings* been raked into? Have not Lies and detestable Calumnies been hatched, to furnish Arms for their Revenge? If therefore a *Parson* will justify *telling Lyes* for the sake of the Church; I hope a *Layman* may be suffered to tell *plain Truth* for the sake of *common Honesty*.

To conclude all. *F. William* is a worthy Successor of his Brother *L—d*; and was in the right of it to *institute* a publick Oration to the the Memory of that *Holy Butcher*, upon the Anniversary of his *Execution*; *Martyrdom* (God forgive me) I meant: For were a *black Coat* to be hang'd for *Horse-Stealing*, or *robbing on the Highway*, the sacred Convict would be term'd a *Martyr*, and curs'd would be the Hand that tip'd him off the Ladder—

From

From which [Fate, God of his infinite Mercy preserve *F. William*. Amen.

Reverend Sir,

When the impudent Defamer had thus ended his virulent Discourse, and set you forth in this scandalous Manner, he clapt his Hand upon my Knee, and ask'd me what I would have to usher it, handsomely *touch'd up*, into the World? I was now forced to throw off the Mask, and give him an Answer to this Effect.

Sir, says I, I hope you will be so good as to excuse me, for really I don't dare meddle in it: The *Clergy* is a Body, which of all others, I would not willingly affront; for as they are the most courteous and obliging Friends in the World, so are they the most implacable and mischeivous Enemies; they carry *Sugarplumbs* and *Sweetmeats* in one Hand, and *Fire* and *Brimstone* in the other; if you treat 'em civilly and shew them Respect, they'll *make much* of you again; but if you make a Jest of their *good Things* and bid them carry 'em to Children, whip! Sir, you'll have an handful of *Damnation* in your Face.

Besides, they are so firmly rivetted in the Affections of the World, that a Man, who abuses them, is look'd upon as little better than an *Atheist*, or at least a *Libertine*:

time: They are the Ministers of the Almighty, sent down hither with a divine Commission in their Pockets, to instruct Mankind; and you know, Sir, said I, from whose own Mouth we have it, that *if you despise them, you despise him that sent them*.

As I was going on in this Manner, he cut me short with a terrible Oath; O d—m you, Sir, says he, I ask your Pardon, are you then one of those Orthodox, Priest-ridden Blockheads? Very good indeed! It seems I have been talking carnal Reason to one that thinks it a damnable Sin to believe his own Eyes. Well, good Mr. Fondlechurch, since I am mistaken in my Man, I'll e'en write it my self, for written, and publish'd too, it shall be; and let me tell you, Sir, I am an Author as well as your self, and so you and your Favourites in Black shall find in a short time.

With that, he flung himself in a violent Passion out of the Room, clapt the Door after him, and went muttering and swearing down Stairs, like a Rake out of the Compter, or a Whore out of Bridewell.

He dropt some Papers out of his Pocket, which after he was gone I pick'd up, and found them to be the Draught of a Satire upon the Heads of Colleges in Oxford, with some broken Paragraphs, and dark

dark Hints for that Purpose. I have enclosed them in this Letter to you, that you may burn them, or make what other Use of them you think fit.

Upon Enquiry, I found the Defamer to be the very Person himself, whom, according to his own Confession, you expelled for being disaffected to the Trinity; I hear indeed that he is a very sad Fellow, for, they say, he believes but one God, and thinks his Reason and five Senses as good a Guide in religious Matters, as the Parson of the Parish— No wonder that he speaks so licentiously of you and your Friends. ||

I have sent you a full Account of this Matter (as far as my Memory would reach) by the first Opportunity, that you may be upon your Guard against a Miscreant, who intends to bespatter you and several of your Friends in a shameful Manner: Whether I do not deserve something for such an extraordinary Piece of Service, I leave it to your Goodness to determine; I confess *four* or *five* Guineas would do me a particular Kindness at this time.

I design To-morrow Morning to set about an Answer to all his Accusations, that it may come out immediately after his *Libel*: I have several loose Hints, scattered

ter'd up and down in my *Common-place*
Book, which I intended for a *second* Part
of my *Vindication of the Orthodox Clergy*;
but with a little Trouble they will do as
well for a *Vindication of you*, and your
Reverend Brethren.

I have an instant *Avocation* to make
Water, and must therefore beg leave to
subscribe myself abruptly,

Your sincere Friend,

And humble Servant,

Humphry Scribblewit.

Let me hear from

you the next Post.



POSTSCRIPT.

S I R,

Besides the Skeleton of a large
B Satire upon the Heads of Col-
 leges in Oxford, which I said
 he dropt in my Chamber, I
 just now found upon the Stairs another
 Paper, in which were the four following
 Epigrams upon one Doctor CRASSUS.

EPIGRAM I.

CRASSUS, the Poet's and the Villain's Tool,
 Just wise enough to think himself a Fool,
 Swears that in each Lampoon he sees his Face,
 And vows Revenge upon the rhiming Race:
 For once, dear Crassus, let a Fool advise,
 Look on thy self with more auspicious Eyes,

To blab thy Weakness, be not thou the first;
 By other Hands let our Defects be known,
 For 'tis the Devil to betray one's own.

EPIGRAM II

CRASSUS looks grave and learned to the Eye;
 His stiff Scarf rustles as he passes by,
 Mark that wise Shrug, that deep designing Frown!
 His sleek, broad Beaver, and his glossy Down!
 Off he stops short, and at the first Alarm,
 Doubles his Speed, and swings his careless Arm:
 Sometimes he bites his Nails and rubs his Head,
 Nay (what you'll scarce believe) I've seen Him Read:
 Sure Crassus for a deep Divine may pass—
 And so, with your Permission may as well
 Ay, and some People think, with more Pretence,
 For one has spoke, and he spoke better Sense.

EPIGRAM III.

CRASSUS one Evening (as 'twas his Doom)
 Was made the publick Boss of all the Room,
 Backside and fore-side upon Him they fall,
 At last, says Crassus smartly to 'em All:
 Nay softly, Sirs! For all this great ado,
 I can my Talents boast as well as you:

Per-

Perhaps I'm too fastidious; I grant you I am? A
 But I'm as strong as jelly and as soft as milk. A
 You, however, can give me a good beating if I
 I can make Claret run down your throat. A
 You, Sir, will permit me to say that I am
 I know you can—and I can laugh and jest
 You understand your French and English well
 (On which indeed I largely know a little) A
 But I can sing and dance and play Drums
 Well, and the Ladies are ever ready to do so
 You have more Learning, Sir, perhaps than I,
 And you more Wit—all this I don't deny,
 But who has most of something else, as good?
 Come on! And we'll be judg'd by Miracle.

EPIGRAM IV.

Uniform'd in Mower's Shop while CRASSUS lay
 A cumbrous Heap of coarse neglected Clay.
 Pray Madam, says the Foreman of the Trade,
 What of yon Poultry Rubbish must be made?
 For it's too gross, says he, and unrefin'd,
 To be the Carcase of a shining Mind;
 Then it's too lumpy and too stiff to make
 A Fox, a Beave, a Whirling or a Rake;
 Nor is it fit for a Lady's Footman fit
 For Ladies Footmen must have Sense and Wit;
 A Warrior must be vigilant and bold,
 And therefore claims a brisk and active Mould;

A Squire, and he shall be avarous Art,
A Mistress, and she shall be avarous Art,
A Lawyer, and he shall be avarous Art,
This Man, and he shall be avarous Art,
In short, I think it good for aught;
But, Madam, I have more to say.

I know you can — and I can say, and I can
You know I can say, and I can say, and I can
Amongst the things, and I can say, and I can
Or — make a thing, and I can say, and I can
Will you be a thing, and I can say, and I can

You have more to say, and I can say, and I can
And you have more to say, and I can say, and I can
But who has more to say, and I can say, and I can
Come on! And you have more to say, and I can say, and I can

W. M. B. 1793

John, in the name of the Lord, I have more to say, and I can say, and I can
A common sense of the things, and I can say, and I can
I have more to say, and I can say, and I can
What of you, and I can say, and I can

Page 17: Line 38. for *now*, read *now*. P. 17: 1.
29. for *now*, read *now*. P. 17: 1.
insolent and insolent, and I can say, and I can

N. B. If the Reader should observe any mistake,
Supplify it in this Letter, he is
Ours to remember that it is written from
Grab-fixer.